

4/9/85

I am unable to look in the mirror -
and see how I am. How am I? I don't
know. I don't know who "I" am.

For years now, I have not lived a
normal emotional life. My relationship
to J. remains unclear. We pass time
together, but the relationship doesn't grow
mature or deepen.

I have pushed everything, on top of
everything, on top of everything. My
ability to think, to cry, to laugh, or to
relate to other human beings is stunted.
Year after year, edited after edited,
letter after letter, media bullshit after
media bullshit -